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PRIMUS

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**NEW, EXCITING
UNDERWATER EPICS**
Starring
ROBERT BROWN
AS TV'S
**CARTER
PRIMUS**



00783

WHERE KILLERS MEET

HEADS UP,
PRIMUS....
SOMETHING BIG
IS HEADED
YOUR WAY!

NOW YOU
TELL ME!

WHEN THE U.S. NAVY ASKED CARTER PRIMUS TO WORK WITH THEM IN ANTARCTICA ON A "WET SUIT" TO BE USED BY NAVY SCUBA DIVERS IN VERY COLD WATER, PRIMUS EAGERLY ACCEPTED THE ASSIGNMENT...AND A FEW MONTHS LATER WAS TESTING HIS THIN-SKINNED ELECTRICALLY HEATED WET SUIT IN THE ICY WATERS OF THE ROSS SEA...HE HAD NO WARNING OF IMPENDING DISASTER WHEN THE HUGE BULK HURTLIED THROUGH THE FRIGID WATERS AT HIM!

EDITOR: SAL GENTILE...SCRIPT: JOE GILL...ART: JOE GENTILE

I'M TRYING TO GET
CLEAR, CHARLIE! I...
UNGH!

WHAUMP!

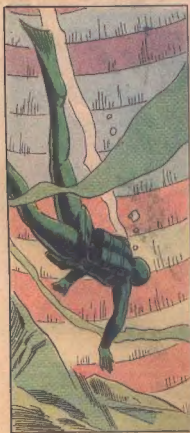
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BEING RAMMED BY A 100 TON WHALE WASN'T MUCH FUN....BUT THE COLLISION WASN'T WHAT CAUSED PRIMUS' AGONY A MOMENT LATER!

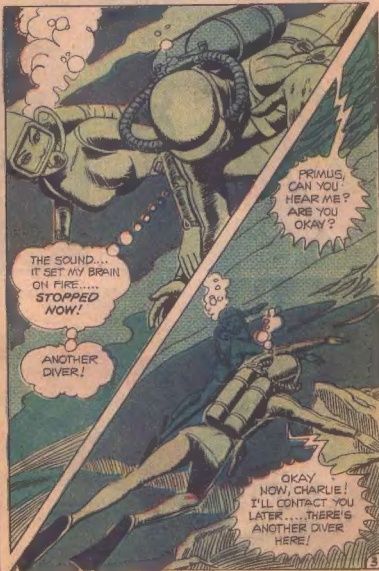


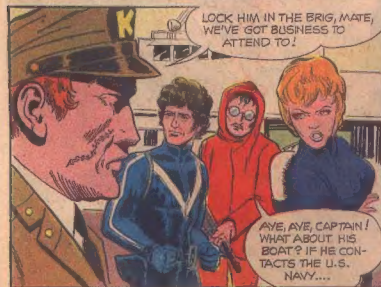
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE BAY OF WHALES OF ROSS SEA NEAR ANTARCTICA, CHARLIE WHITMAN SPUN THE WHEEL OF INCA MADLY TO ESCAPE DESTRUCTION! A "KILLER SHIP" KNIFED TOWARD THE BOAT AND....





AS THE FIRST WHALE KILLER SPUN AROUND (TWIN SCREWS AND POWERFUL DIESELS) A SECOND KILLER MOVED SLOWLY IN- TO THE AREA...





CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

THE OTHER KILLER
SHIP PICKED UP PRIMUS,
CHARLIE!

WE'VE
GOT TO
RUN FOR
IT, TONI...
**GET
DOWN!**



INCA HAD THE SPEED TO GET AWAY...AND CHARLIE WHITMAN
STARTED CALLING FOR THE U.S. NAVY TO COME TO THE AID OF
PRIMUS!



THIS IS
INCA CALLING
ANY U.S. NAVAL
UNIT!

THEY'RE JAMMING EVERY
FREQUENCY YOU TRY,
CHARLIE!



I KNOW, TONI....
AND THERE'S AN
ANTARCTIC FOG COMING
DOWN OFF THE
GLACIERS!

SO, IN THE THICK, POLAR
FOG, CAPTAIN KARKEL'S
NEMESIS MOVED
DEEPER INTO THE BAY
OF WHALES....

SONAR SAYS
THE WHALE HERD
HAS BEEN DRIVEN
INTO THE INLET,
CAPTAIN!





MY FIGURES
INDICATE A HERD OF
TWO HUNDRED GROWN
SPERM WHALES IN THE
INLET, CAPTAIN
KARKEL!

WE'LL BEGIN
THE KILL
TOMORROW,
LUDKIN!

THESE ARE PROBABLY THE
LAST ADULT SPERM WHALES
IN THE WORLD, CAPTAIN KARKEL..
...BUT I ESTIMATE WE'LL RE-
COVER \$3,000,000 IN **AMBER-
GRIS** ALONE... PLUS HOWEVER
MUCH THEIR CARCASSES WILL
YIELD IN MEAT, OIL, AND
SPERMACEITI!



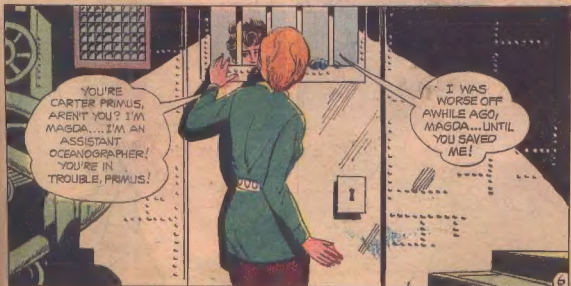
IN THE **BRIG**, A STEEL CELL BELOW DECKS,
PRIMUS WAS ALREADY COMING TO HIS OWN
CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THE KILLER SHIPS AND
CAPTAIN KARKEL.



THAT WAS A
FULL GROWN SPERM
WHALE THAT BUMPED
ME...DRIVEN **HALF MAD**
BY THE HIGH AUDIO FREQUENCY
SOUND THAT ALMOST KILLED ME!



I'VE GOT
A HUNCH
THERE'S A
GROUP OF
KILLER SHIPS
ILLEGALLY **HERD-
ING** SPERM WHALES
....WHICH ARE NOW
PROTECTED BY AN
**INTERNATIONAL
TREATY!**



YOU'RE
CARTER PRIMUS,
AREN'T YOU? I'M
MAGDA.... I'M AN
ASSISTANT
OCEANOGRAPHER!
YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE, PRIMUS!

I WAS
WORSE OFF
AWHILE AGO,
MAGDA...UNTIL
YOU SAVED
ME!



CAPTAIN KARKEL IS
MERCILESS, PRIMUS! HE
ENJOYS KILLING....YOUR
LIFE MEANS NOTHING
TO HIM!

WHAT
WAS THAT
SOUND THAT
ALMOST DROVE
ME MAD,
MAGDA?



IT IS A
METHOD LUDKIN,
THE HEAD OCEANO-
GRAPHER, DEVISED
TO HERD WHALES,
PRIMUS! THESE ARE THE
LAST SPERM WHALES
IN THE ANTARCTIC....THE
PRIME SOURCE OF
AMBERGRIS!



KARKEL
WANTS TO DESTROY
THE ENTIRE HERD TO
GET THE AMBERGRIS...

BUT HE
CAN'T....
SPERM WHALES
ARE A
PROTECTED
SPECIES, MAGDA!



BAH!
WHO WILL
KNOW WHAT I
HAVE DONE? EVERY
MAN IN MY KILLER
FLEET WILL BE
ENRICHED BY
OUR KILL....



...AND EVERY
MAN KNOWS I
WILL KILL ANYONE
WHO INFORMS
THE AUTHORITIES!

JUST AS I
INTEND TO
KILL YOU,
CARTER
PRIMUS!



I'M HERE ON
ASSIGNMENT WITH
THE U.S. NAVY, KARKEL...
...EVEN A MAN AS
MAD AS YOU SEEM
TO BE WON'T CROSS
THEM!



NO ONE WILL
KNOW, PRIMUS!
THEY'LL THINK YOU
DIED OF NATURAL
HAZARDS OF
THE SEA!



MAGDA,
YOU'D
BETRAY ME
IF I GAVE
YOU THE
OPPORTUNITY!

SPAT!

YOU'LL
DIE
WITH
PRIMUS!



GOT HIM!

THUD!

PRIMUS...
THAT WAS
FOOLISH!



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

I'M SAVING
OUR LIVES,
MAGDA... I'VE GOT
HIS KEYS!



WHAT GOOD DOES IT
DO, PRIMUS? WE
CAN'T GET
AWAY!

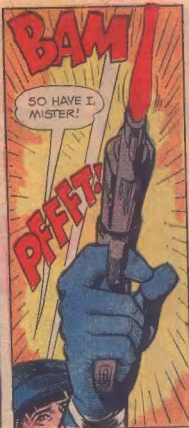
WE'LL
USE OUR
SCUBA GEAR,
MAGDA.....
COME ON!



PRIMUS, ARE YOU SURE WE CAN MAKE IT?

NO...BUT I'M SURE IF WE DON'T TRY, WE WON'T LIVE TO SEE DAYLIGHT!

WHO'S THERE? STAND FAST, I'VE GOT A GUN!



SO HAVE I, MISTER!

BAM!
PFFFT!

SHORT RANGE MEDICATED DART PISTOL, MAGDA... STUNS INSTANTLY!

LET'S GO...KARKE'S MEN WILL BE ALL OVER US IN A MINUTE!

PRIMUS IS LOOSE... SWITCH ON THE DECK LIGHTS!



THE BULLETS WERE CLOSE....BUT PRIMUS WAS SAFE IN HIS FAVORITE ELEMENT A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THEY HIT!

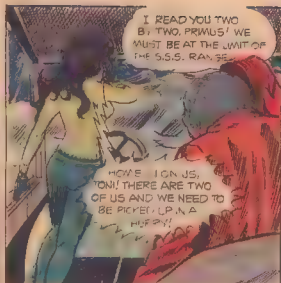


MEANWHILE, NOT VERY FAR AWAY, TONI WORE THE EAR-PHONES OF THE S.S.S., PRIMUS' INVENTION....A SONAR SIGNAL SYSTEM FOR VOICE TRANSMISSION UNDERWATER....AND SHE SUDDENLY HEARD....

INCA FROM PRIMUS! CHARLIE, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

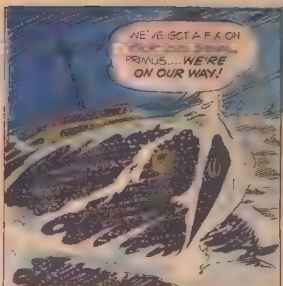
CHARLIE, WAKE UP! IT'S PRIMUS!



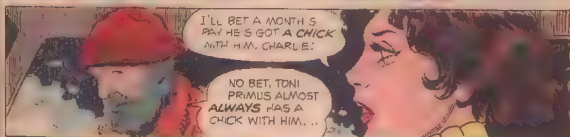


I READ YOU TWO
BUT TWO, PRIMUS! WE
MUST BE AT THE LIMIT OF
THE S.S.S. RANGE

HOWE! I'GN US,
TONI! THERE ARE TWO
OF US AND WE NEED TO
BE PICKED UP IN A
HURRY!

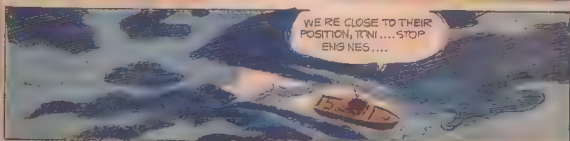


WE'VE GOT A F.A. ON
PRIMUS....WE'RE
ON OUR WAY!

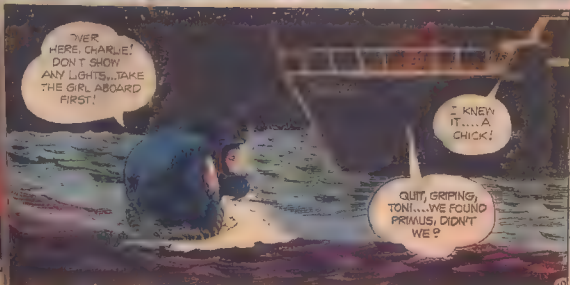


I'LL BET A MONTH'S
PAY HE'S GOT A CHICK
WITH HIM, CHARLIE!

NO BET, TONI
PRIMUS ALMOST
ALWAYS HAS A
CHICK WITH HIM...



WE'RE CLOSE TO THEIR
POSITION, TONI....STOP
ENGINE...

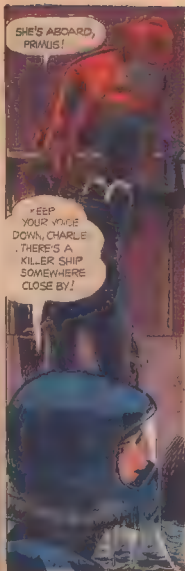


OVER
HERE, CHARLIE!
DON'T SHOW
ANY LIGHTS...TAKE
THE GIRL ABOARD
FIRST!

I KNEW
IT....A
CHICK!

QUIT, GRIPING,
TONI....WE FOUND
PRIMUS, DIDN'T
WE?

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE



SHE'S ABOARD,
PRIMUS!

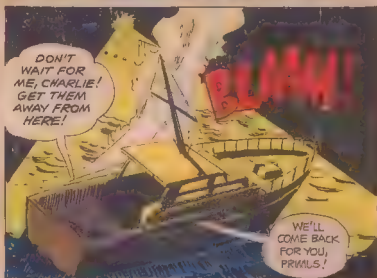
KEEP
YOUR VOICE
DOWN, CHARLIE.
THERE'S A
KILLER SHIP
SOMEWHERE
CLOSE BY!



....THERE'S A BOAT CLOSE
BY....STAND BY THE
SEARCHLIGHT!

LOAD THE HARPOON GUN
WITH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS!

A KILLER SHIP WITH A
RADAR SET AND ...



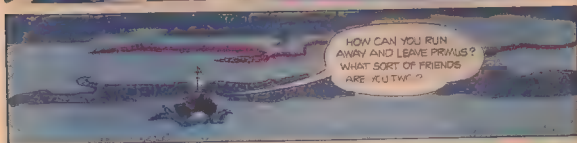
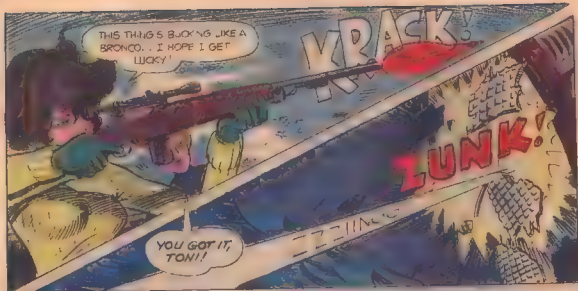
DON'T
WAIT FOR
ME, CHARLIE!
GET THEM
AWAY FROM
HERE!

WE'LL
COME BACK
FOR YOU,
PRIMUS!



SHELL
SINK ...

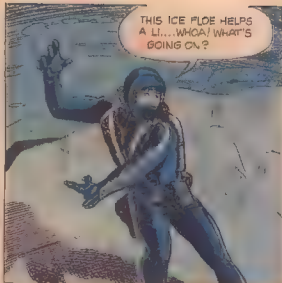
HOLD
HER STEADY
A MOMENT,
CHARLIE!



"NOT EVEN CARTER PRIMUS CAN SURVIVE LONG IN WATER THIS COLD! THE SHIVERING OCEANOGRAPHER TOLD CHARLIE WHITMAN... BUT SHE WAS WRONG!"

THE ENERGY CELLS THAT SUPPLY MY NEW WET SUIT WITH CURRENT HAVE ABOUT TWELVE HOURS LEFT... AFTER THAT I'LL JUST TURN INTO A GOOD-LOOKING ICE CUBE!

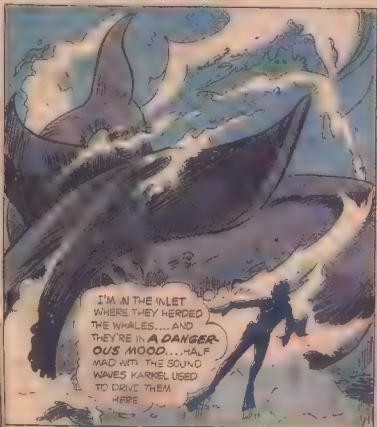




THIS ICE FLOE HELPS
A LI... WHOA! WHAT'S
GOING ON?



SPERM
WHALE... A
BIG BULL!



I'M IN THE INLET
WHERE THEY HERDED
THE WHALES.... AND
THEY'RE IN A DANGER-
OUS MOOD.... HALF
MAD WITH THE SOUND
WAVES KARKEL USED
TO DRIVE THEM
HERE

IT WAS A LONG NIGHT. BUT
PRIMUS WASN'T COLD. THERE WERE
ELECTRICALLY HEATED WET-GLOVES
AND A MASK....

THEY'RE USING THEIR
UNDERWATER AUDIO SOUND
EMITTERS TO FENCE IN THE WHOLE
HERD.... I'VE GOT TO MINIMIZE
ITS EFFECT ON ME OR I'LL WIG
OUT! THESE EAR PLUGS SHOULD
DO IT!

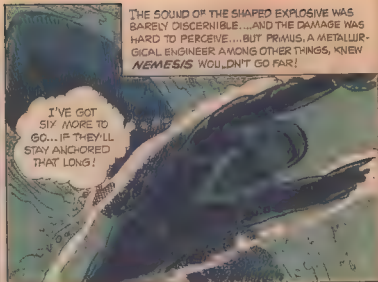


THEY'RE
ANCHORED. THIS
MAY BE MY LAST
CHANCE!

SWIMMING DEEP, PRIMUS HEADED FOR CAPTAIN KARKEL'S FLAGSHIP OF THE KILLER FLEET...

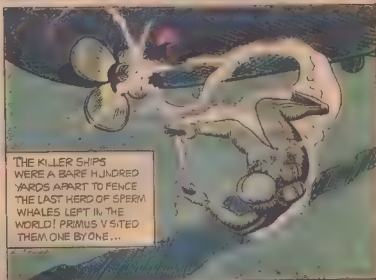


THE
UTILITY PACK
INCLUDES
PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE
...A SMALL CHARGE
ON THE PROPELLOR
SHAFT **SHOULD**
KEEP KARKEL
FROM GOING
ANYWHERE....

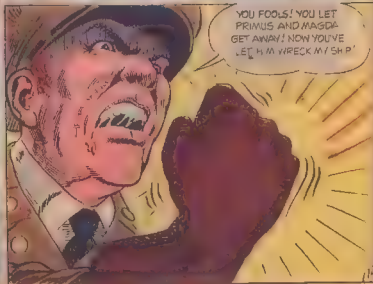


I'VE GOT
SIX MORE TO
GO... IF THEY'LL
STAY ANCHORED
THAT LONG!

THE SOUND OF THE SHAPED EXPLOSIVE WAS
BARELY DISCERNIBLE... AND THE DAMAGE WAS
HARD TO PERCEIVE... BUT PRIMUS, A METALLUR-
GICAL ENGINEER AMONG OTHER THINGS, KNEW
NEMESIS WOULDN'T GO FAR!



THE KILLER SHIPS
WERE A BARE HUNDRED
YARDS APART TO FENCE
THE LAST HERD OF SPERM
WHALES LEFT IN THE
WORLD! PRIMUS VISITED
THEM ONE BY ONE...



YOU FOOLS! YOU LET
PRIMUS AND MAGDA
GET AWAY! NOW YOU'VE
LET HIM WRECK MY SHIP!



HE'S DOWN THERE
NOW....HE THINKS I
CAN'T TOUCH HIM, DOES
HE

SEND THIS MESSAGE
TO ALL KILLERS. TURN
OFF THE AUDIO SOUND
FENCE

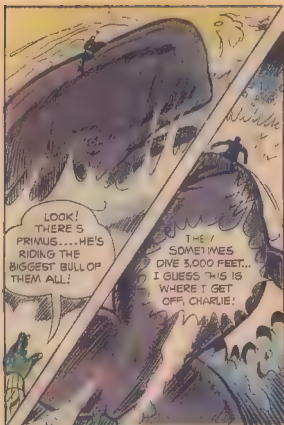
LET THE
WHALE
LOOSE !

AN OLD SPERM WHALE BULL
IS A CANTANKEROUS CRITTER AT
ANY TIME...BUT AFTER HAVING
BEEN CHASED ALL OVER THE BAY
OF WHALES BY THE KILLER SHIPS,
THE OLD BULLS WERE MEANER
THAN EVER BEFORE.

TWO HUNDRED
MALE OLD SPERM
WHALES WILL RIDE
THAT MEETING
POOL

IT'S GETTING
CROWDED AROUND
HERE! IF I GET CAUGHT
BETWEEN TWO OF THEM
IT'LL BE A REAL
CRUNCH!

THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO RIDE
OUT A STAMPEDE!



LOOK!
THERE'S
PRIMUS....HE'S
RIDING THE
BIGGEST BULL OF
THEM ALL!

THE /
SOMETIMES
DIVE 3,000 FEET...
I GUESS THIS IS
WHERE I GET
OFF, CHARLIE!

GLAD TO SEE YOU, CHARLIE!
THAT WAS A LONG
NIGHT!



WELCOME
ABOARD, PRIMUS!
HEY, HOW COME OUR
PLAYMATES AREN'T CHAS-
ING US ALL OVER THE OCEAN
ANY MORE? DID YOU HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO WITH
THAT?

....AND CAPTAIN KARKEL,
ABOARD NEMESIS, USED
LEGAL DEVICES TO HERD THE
SPERM WHALE HERD INTO AN
INLET, PLANNING TO SLAUGHTER
THEM ALL! YOU CAN FIND THEM
EASILY, COMMANDER...THEY
CAN'T GO ANYWHERE...**I
DISABLED THE FLEET!**



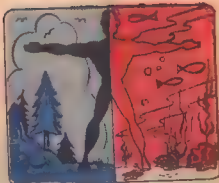
YOU ARE
MAGNIFICENT,
PRIMUS!

I'D LIKE
TO SCRATCH HER
PRETTY EYES
OUT!

END

THE HUMAN FISH

in RED TIDE!



My name is John Willmore and I am a full professor of Marine Life at the State University. But now that my secret is known, I can tell you many of the adventures I have had in the world below our waters. I am called the Human Fish since I was born with a set of functional gill slits in addition to my lungs. When I travel or meet people, I wear a special skin like collar around my neck. So that to all appearances everything would seem natural.

On that particular day I had finished delivering a lecture at the Academy of Sciences on the use of our world below the waters to grow food for an expanding population. Dr. Jim Davis, my colleague in research work, rushed up to me with the news.

"There's a plane waiting for us at the airport. The so-called red tide is killing tons of fish in the Winston Area. They want your help."

So shortly we were winging our way to the southland. And with the tremendous speed of our modern plane, we arrived at their airport within two hours. Governor Hastings was there to greet and meet us. With him was Dr. Albert Spiron who explained the situation to us two as we drove in his car to the Marine Basin.

"So far we have collected more than 1,800 tons of dead fish from our shores and beaches. All beaches have been closed. We analyzed the material on the surface of the water. It definitely is a neurotoxin, known as Cymodinium breve. It is even reaching into a 500-acre area of the Gulf of Mexico off some of their resort beach communities of Treasure Island and Madeira Beach. However, only a few dead fish were washed ashore there yesterday. But if it continues here, it certainly will also affect that area gravely."

"We have a special fund," added Governor Hastings. "And whatever you need in terms of money or special equipment, is yours."

We went to the Marine Basin. I watched the men cleaning up the beach area. On the top of the water, I saw the red tide or red discoloration. I watched the incoming tide as it brought more dead fish to the beach area.

"In an hour I will start swimming and see if I can locate the focal point from which the organisms breed."

And within that period of time I was in the water. Attached to my throat was a "throat mike." By talking to myself, I could send the vibrations back to Dr. Jim Davis who was aboard a coast guard cutter, supplied to us by the Navy.

"I can see a thin patch of red down here I told him. "It is coming from some point north of us. Follow me in the boat."

I swam for about two hours along the bed of the ocean. Until I came to a coral bed covered entirely with the red tide. This must be the breeding place I told myself - and also Dr. Jim Davis.

"The problem is how best to kill the breeding place of the organisms," I remarked to my colleague. "What would you suggest?"

"Under-water torch," was his reply. "Or an army flame thrower. Provided it can operate under water."

I decided on the flame thrower. I could be at a much safer distance with it. An emergency call went back for one and we remained aboard the coast guard cutter. In the morning a helicopter dropped the equipment to us. And I soon was again under the water. With my attention focused on that coral bed which was the breeding place of the organisms.

The flame thrower went into action. I had to surface twice to get refill-gas tanks for it. But when I was finished the coral bed was no more. And neither were the organisms. We returned to shore. I found reporters were awaiting us and also eager for my report which I gave them. I told them about how I had burned out the coral bed. Then I added.

"This doesn't mean that all the organisms have been burned out. What is needed is a patrol boat equipped with an under-water TV camera. As soon as it spots any actual or potential breeding areas, then they must be destroyed. Gentlemen, from under the water come the potential for our survival. And also the potential for our destruction. We must be eternally vigilant."

THE OIL COMPANY ENGINEERS IN THE GULF OF ADEN PUMPING COMPLEX FIXED THE TORN TOUGH ARMORED RUBBER HOSES... BUT THE BREAKS RECURRED... SO THEY ASKED CARTER PRIMUS TO BRING HIS TEAM IN TO STOP THE OIL LEAKS! PRIMUS FOUND THE MUTILATED HOSE...AND IT PUZZLED HIM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY SAVAGELY REND AND TEAR THE HOSE? LOOK BEHIND YOU PRIMUS... YOU MAY LEARN... THE HARD WAY!

I'VE LOCATED THE LEAK, CHARLIE! EXTENSIVE DAMAGE TO THE ARMORED RUBBER HOSE! CAN I BE SURE WHAT

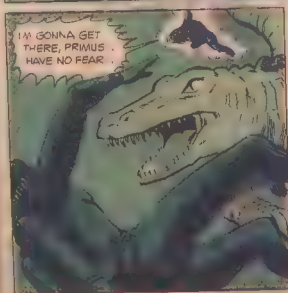
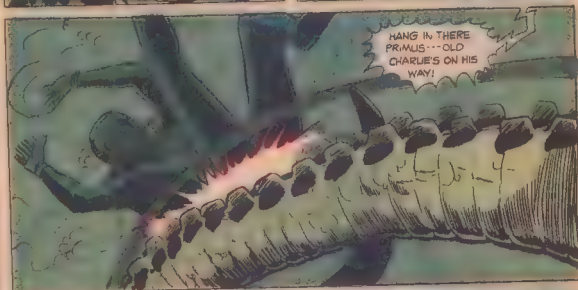
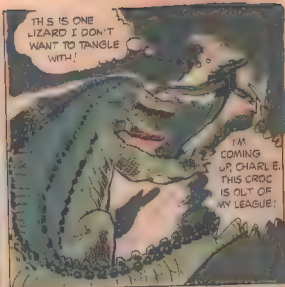
HOLD THE PHONE....I SEE THE REASON!

WHAT IS IT PRIMUS? PRIMUS?

TELL THEM IT'S A SALTWATER CROCODILE, CHARLIE... AT LEAST 25 FEET LONG

THE RIDE
PRIMUS
EAST OF ADEN

D-26





GOT A PIECE OF
LINE, CHARLIE? GET
IT READY.. WE'RE
GOING TO **NEED**
IT!



ARE YOU NUTS
PRIMUS? THAT AIN'T
NO BABY ALLIGATOR
YOU'RE 'PLAYIN'
FOOTSHIE WITH!

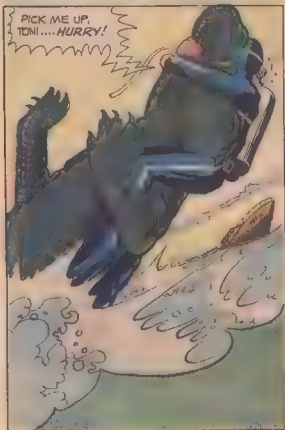
SHUT UP AND
BRING THE
ROPE!

THE CROCODILE'S JAWS CAN CRUSH A MAN'S
BONES TEAR APART ALMOST ANYTHING ..BUT A
STRONG MAN CAN HOLD THEM SHUT! NOW, CHARLIE
HAD A THREE FOOT LENGTH OF NYLON LINE AND...



GOT 'IM! TURN 'IM
..OOSE, CONBOY!

GET CLEAR
CHARLIE! THIS
CRITTER'S GETTING
MADDER BY THE
MINUTE



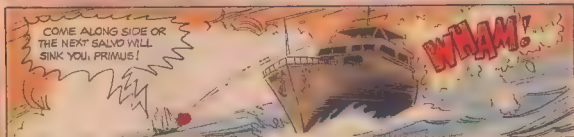
PICK ME UP,
TONI! ...**HURRY!**

A MOMENT LATER AS THE SALTWATER CROC
THRASHED THE GULF OF ADEN INTO FOAM...

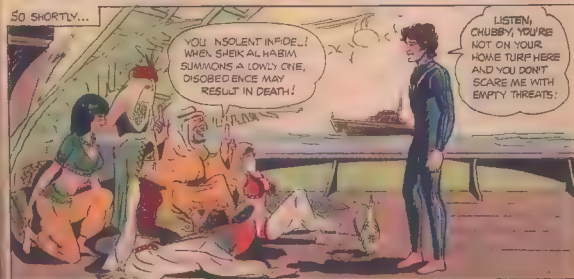


THE LOCAL NABOB RADIOED
WHILE YOU WERE RASSLING
THE CROC, PRIMUS! HE
ORDERED YOU ABOARD AS
SOON AS YOU CLEAN UP!

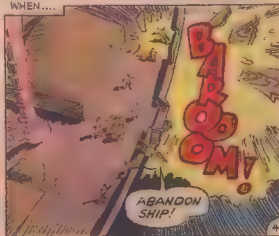
OH, HE DID? THE SHEIK
OF ABUL YAM CAN
MISTREAT THE POOR WHO
LIVE IN HIS SHEKDOOM BUT
HE'S NOT TELLING ME
WHAT TO DO!

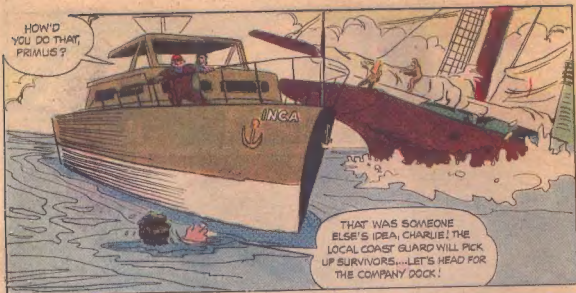


SO SHORTLY...



DEATH HAD NEVER BEEN CLOSER....CARTER PRIMUS REALIZED SHEIK AL HABIM WAS A PARANOIAC.... AND HE WHEELED READY TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE WHEN....





HOW'D
YOU DO THAT,
PRIMUS?

THAT WAS SOMEONE
ELSE'S IDEA, CHARLIE! THE
LOCAL COAST GUARD WILL PICK
UP SURVIVORS....LET'S HEAD FOR
THE COMPANY DOCK!

AT THE OIL COMPANY DOCK, PRIMUS DIAGRAMMED
THE DAMAGE AND EXPLAINED HOW IT HAD
OCCURRED.....



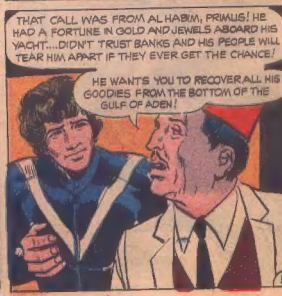
A SALTWATER CROC?
I'VE SEEN ONE IN MAGA-
GASCAR THIRTY FEET
LONG! WILL HE TEAR UP
ANY MORE OIL LINES ON
US?

C. POROSUS, TO USE HIS LATIN NAME, IS OUT
OF BUSINESS! HE'LL PROBABLY STARVE...HIS
JAWS ARE PERMANENTLY CLOSED!

I NEED INFORMATION ABOUT SHEIK AL HABIM,
MR. GRODDUS! SOMEONE JUST BLEW UP HIS
YACHT IN THE HARBOR!



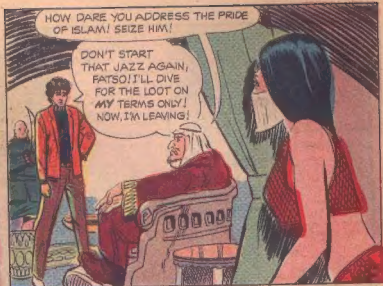
AL HABIM WAS A DESERT SHEIK, ABOUT AS POOR
AS EVERYONE ELSE IN HIS SHEIKDOM UNTIL WE
STRUCK OIL IN HIS PATCH OF SAND! NOW,
HE'S A BILLIONAIRE....AND HE WON'T
DO A THING FOR THE STARVING
PEOPLE WHO SHOULD GET THE
OIL ROYALTIES!



THAT CALL WAS FROM AL HABIM, PRIMUS! HE
HAD A FORTUNE IN GOLD AND JEWELS ABOARD HIS
YACHT....DIDN'T TRUST BANKS AND HIS PEOPLE WILL
TEAR HIM APART IF THEY EVER GET THE CHANCE!

HE WANTS YOU TO RECOVER ALL HIS
GOODIES FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE
GULF OF ADEN!

RECOVERING THE TREASURE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA (FOR A FAT PERCENTAGE OF THE VALUE THEREOF) WAS PRIMUS' LINE OF WORK SO HE WENT TO SEE SHEIK AL HABIM IN HIS ADEN VILLA



LATER, ABOARD INCA, PRIMUS PUT TONI AND CHARLIE INTO THE PICTURE....

...AND AL HABIM'S ENEMIES BLEW UP HIS YACHT! THEY'LL BE AFTER THE FORTUNE DOWN THERE IN THE YACHT... THIS COULD BE A VERY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!



CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

INCA WAS OVER THE SUNKEN YACHT AT FIRST LIGHT...IT WAS DECIDED THAT TONI AND PRIMUS WOULD MAKE THE FIRST SEARCH WITH CHARLIE WHITMAN BACKING THEM UP!



SHE SANK IN FAIRLY SHALLOW WATER....DIVERS CAN REACH HER WITHOUT SCUBA GEAR!

SOMETHING IS DOWN THERE NOW, PRIMUS!



NATIVES ARE ALREADY LOOTING THE YACHT! HOW DID THEY KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE GOLD AND JEWELS?



MAYDAY, CHARLIE! NATIVE DIVERS DOWN HERE ATTACKING US... CANCEL THAT MAYDAY! TONI, SURFACE!



THIS IS THE SAME CHICK WHO MET ME AT AL HABIB'S VILLA YESTERDAY!



YOU WERE LUCKY SHE ONLY CUT YOUR HOSE, PRIMUS! IT MIGHT'VE BEEN YOUR THROAT!

NO! I DID NOT WISH TO HARM YOU! WE ONLY WISHED TO RECOVER WHAT IS REALLY OURS!

AL HABIM HAD THE REAL SHEIK **ASSASSINATED** WHEN OIL WAS DISCOVERED IN OUR COUNTRY! HE HAS NOT GIVEN US SCHOOLS OR HOSPITALS AND OUR CHILDREN ARE STARVING!

WHILE THIS CAT RUNS AROUND IN YACHTS AND AIR-CONDITIONED LIMOUSINES? PRIMUS....THIS IS ONE JOB WHERE I DON'T HELP YOU ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION!

OUR MISSION WILL BE TO SEE THAT THESE PEOPLE DON'T GET HURT DOWN THERE, TONI...WE'LL BE A SUPPORT TEAM WHILE THEY GET AL HABIM'S LOOT!

IT TOOK LESS THAN A DAY FOR THE EVIL SHEIK'S ENEMIES TO STRIP HIS TREASURE SHIP OF ALL HIS WEALTH...LATER THAT SAME DAY, WITH HABIM'S WEALTH TO FINANCE THEM, A POLITICAL COUP ENDED AL HABIM'S REIGN FOREVER! AND ONCE MORE PRIMUS WAS SUMMONED TO THE VILLA!

I HEARD THE NEWS! ARE YOU THE NEW FAT PALACE CAT, CHUM?

MY GROUP DEPOSED AL HABIM, PRIMUS... BUT THERE WILL BE NO FAT CATS AGAIN! THE OIL ROYALTIES BELONG TO THE PEOPLE!

WILL YOU STEP THROUGH THAT DOOR, PRIMUS? SOMEONE WISHES TO SEE YOU!

YOU HELPED TO SET US FREE, PRIMUS....WE WISH TO THANK YOU!

SOME PEOPLE REALLY KNOW HOW TO SAY THANK YOU!